



strations, is that the North American continent now occupies its Cambrian strata and is the type area itself in the present day. The geologist is justly proud of her work. Walcott's great work on the Cambrian fossils is in the publications of the survey. This great volume contains a list of the many of them reconstructed from the broken parts and the whole specimens. Dr.

"The best of these is valuable and does not stop at the door of her studio. Through her art work she has developed a keen interest in the study of geology and paleontology. She reads much and studies exhibited specimens at every opportunity. Her study is her life and her exercise. 'I never weary,' she says, 'of reading again and again the sermons which, verily, the stones have to give us.'"

War's Amenities.

COL. E. M. HOUSE was talking about Europe in war time.

"The time is the wartime story in London now," he said. "It's a story about an individual in flashy dress, who stood on a crowded corner in the Strand for such a long time that a policeman finally got suspicious.

"'Wot are you waitin' around 'ere for?' he asked.

"'Waiting for a bus,' the man replied, with dignity.

"'Garn!' said the policeman. 'More'n two hours gone by since you've been waitin' 'ere.'

"'I know,' said the man, with a wink, 'but I'm such a pretty conductor on me boy.'"

A Mistake.

A SENATOR was talking about preparedness and armor plate.

"The armor plate people," he said, "have threatened that if the government establishes a national armor plate plant they will shut up their own plants.

"I think any one who think that this threat traps the government are in error. The government is no more trapped than I."

"Lush, the well known clubman, was on the way home from the club at 3 o'clock last morning. There were no cabs about, so poor Lush had to walk. He walked, of course, zigzag. It was very dark. After a time he came to a treebox, and he took hold of it and rested.

"After one of those treeboxes made of upright iron bars. Lush, feeling the bars with both hands, made his way through the bar—endless iron bars. He groaned.

"'Damn it,' he said, sinking down on the pavement and cursing the bars, and preparing to go to sleep. 'Damn it—arrested again.'"